

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

A Farce Tragedy in Two Short Acts.

[Written for this Paper.]

ACT I. BEFORE MARRIAGE.

Scene I.—Morning. Parlor in the Bano mansion. Enter Mortimer Jones; embraces Clara, who is "discovered" seated on the sofa.

Mortimer—Ah, Clara, how glad I am to see you once again. It seems an age since I saw you yesterday.

Clara (tightening her arms around his neck)—It was just the same with me, dear Mortie, although I dreamt of you all night long.

Mortimer (with sparkling eyes)—And did you dream of me? Oh you darling! you pet! you angel! [Excessive osculation.]

Clara (arranging her disordered bangs)—Yes, I dreamt we were in a millinery store, and I selected a fall hat.

Mortimer (removing a long, light-colored hair from his mouth)—I hope you picked out the most expensive one in the store.

Clara—I hesitated, but you, like the noble man that you are, insisted.

Mortimer (holding up his head proudly)—Of course I did. Is there any thing in the world too costly for you? I would be worse than a brute to deny you any thing—the pricelessness of the Orient down to a chunk of chewing gum.

Clara (hysterically)—My own darling true love!

Mortimer (with equal emotion)—I am! I am!

Scene II. Noon. Dining-room of the Bano mansion. Clara and Mortimer seated at the table.

Mortimer—Where are your folks, Clara, dear?

Clara—Oh! they won't be home to-day. Mortimer has an uncontrollable desire to annihilate himself for not asking that question before. However, moves his chair up, and starts in on the dinner. Takes a spoonful of soup and makes a wry face.]

Clara—You seem disturbed, darling. [Anxiously.] Don't you like the food?

Mortimer (got the raptures once more)—Ah, Clara, dear, when you are near every thing tastes good. But (tasting soup once more) I think your cook must be in love, for she has forgotten to put salt in the soup.

Clara (coolly)—Of course she is in love, and with you; for, knowing that you



were coming to dinner I attended to the cooking myself.

Mortimer (tasting soup again)—Why, there's plenty of salt in this soup. Too much if any thing! [Gulps it down.]

Clara (suddenly dropping a chop and gazing at him with soulful eyes)—Oh! you dear, dear old boy!

Mortimer (getting them very bad again)—Sweetest of sweet! come to my arms! [Earnestly.] You are quite sure none of the folks are at home?

Clara—Quite sure. [Buries her face in his newly laundered shirt bosom.] Whose angel is 'oo?

Mortimer (ecstatically)—I've 'oo!

Clara—Whose angel is 'oo?

Note. Orchestra to play soft music, with twittering bird accompaniment.

ACT II. ONE YEAR AFTER MARRIAGE.

Scene I. Morning. Sitting-room. Mortimer, with a scowl on his face, reading morning paper. Clara, darning socks, in another part of the room. The door-bell rings.

Mortimer (looking up from his paper)—There goes that bell again. I'm scarcely out of bed before the bill collectors are around. It's enough to drive a man crazy!

Clara (sarcastically)—Well, you can hardly expect to be furnished with whisky and cigars for nothing.

Mortimer—More likely it is for face powder, some new bangs, or some of the other flummery that you hang on yourself every time you go out.

Clara (horribly)—If you can't afford to pay for such trifles, why did you ever marry me? That's what I would like to know!

Mortimer (in slow and measured tones)—Now you have got me! I ask myself that question forty times a day. It's a conundrum which I have to give up.

Clara (coming up close and shaking her head savagely in his face)—Ugh! you contemptible monster! How I hate you!

Scene II. Noon. Dining-room. Mortimer and Clara at dinner.

Mortimer (with a sneer)—I suppose I might be able to worry down a little of this alleged soup—it is soup, is it not?—If you would only manage to keep your hair out of it. [Extracts a hair.]

Clara—As you have so little hair left on your head, perhaps it would be well for you to attend to the meals. Or you could find some restaurant where you could probably be suited.

Mortimer—I couldn't find them any worse than this. Why, this isn't fit for a dog to eat.

Clara (with the air of a woman scoring a point)—Then it's no wonder you don't like it.

Mortimer (through his teeth)—Oh, that is so like you, you little pink and white angel.

Clara—Just a little more of that kind of talk and I'll leave the house and go back to mother.

Mortimer (eagerly)—You will, eh? For Heaven's sake don't make my mouth water with anticipation. If you will go, I'll get the finest turnout in town to take you there. Go get your hat and I'll go for the carriage!

Clara—I always did despise you from the first moment I laid my eyes on you!

Scene II.—Night. Clara (lighting light at bedside)—So you really decided to come home, did you? Oh, I suppose this is a good enough place to get your meals and sleep in! What do you mean by making so much noise?

Mortimer—Who made any noise?

Clara—You did.

Mortimer—You're an infernal liar. Woman!—I mean she-dragon!—don't go too far! You'll make a lunatic out of me!

Clara—That would be impossible. You always were one.

Mortimer—There is no denying I was one when I married you.

(Prolonged silence.)

Clara (breaking the silence)—What do you mean by calling me a she-dragon? Now, that settles it. To-morrow I will see my lawyer about obtaining a divorce. That is my firm resolution.

Mortimer—Oh, yes, I know a place that is paved with good resolutions.

Clara—Well, you will see.

(Another silence.)

Mortimer (mumbling to himself as he falls off to sleep)—Divorce? * * * eh? * * * good * * * very good * * *

Curtain, with very bright red lights.

Music should be something suitable, such as "Home, Sweet Home," or "If He Only Had Known It Before."

ALEX. E. SWEET.

CLEVER MEN'S WIVES.

An Article Which Could Not Possibly Interest Mr. Austin.

"You seem much absorbed in thought," said Mrs. Austin to her husband, as they were seated in the parlor after tea, the other evening. "What is the subject?"

"I have been reading an article on the subject of Clever Men's Wives."

"I don't see how that can possibly interest you any."

"Hey!" said Mr. Austin, turning sharply around.

"What did the article say about clever men's wives?" continued Mrs. Austin, without heeding the ejaculation. "Did it say that they were clever, too?"

"No, it didn't. It said they were generally dull."

"Then if the reverse of the proposition be true, what a smart wife I must be," laughed Mrs. Austin.

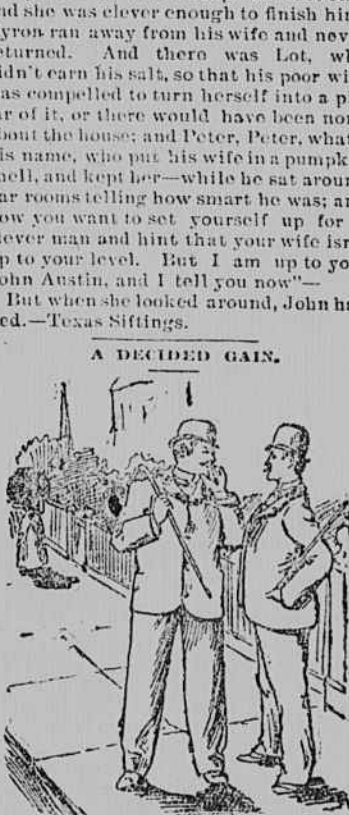
"I don't understand you, Mrs. Austin," replied Mrs. Austin, vehemently. "You are always boasting of your smartness and cleverness, but I have never seen it yet. And you hint in a vague way that I am dull. I will admit that I was very dull once."

"When was that?"

"When I married you. Oh, you needn't start to your feet. I'm going to have my say about this thing once. I too have read about the clever men, as they are called, and the kind of lives their wives led. There was Blueboard—he was a clever man, I suppose. Killed every wife he had except the last one, and she was clever enough to finish him. Byron ran away from his wife and never returned. And there was Lot, who didn't earn his salt, so that his poor wife was compelled to turn herself into a pillar of it, or there would have been none about the house; and Peter, Peter, what's his name, who put his wife in a pumpkin shell, and kept her—while he sat around bar rooms telling how smart he was; and now you want to set yourself up for a clever man and hint that your wife isn't up to your level. But I am up to you, John Austin, and I tell you now!"

But when she looked around, John had fled.—Texas Sittings.

A DECIDED GAIN.



Hobson—How did you enjoy your summer trip, Bagley?

Bagley—Had a delightful time. Gained one hundred and thirty pounds.

Hobson—One hundred and thirty pounds! I don't believe it.

Bagley—Don't you? Well, here it comes down the street. Just wait a moment and I'll introduce you.—The Jury.

ART NOTE.

Smirk—What do you think of my photograph?

Candid Friend—Is this your photograph?

"Of course; does it not look like me?"

"Not a bit. By Jove, I don't believe you were there at all when that picture was taken!"—Texas Sittings.

Gone to Join 'Em.

Snooks—There were very few people at the funeral of Dr. Snopover.

Skaggs—No wonder; hardly any of his patients have survived him.—Texas Sittings.

LOGICAL.

McCarthy—Oh say, McGinnis, is tin years the wood or the snail's wedding?

McGinnis—Naybur, you fule. 'Tis tin spells tin. It's the tin wedding, be goba.—Judge.

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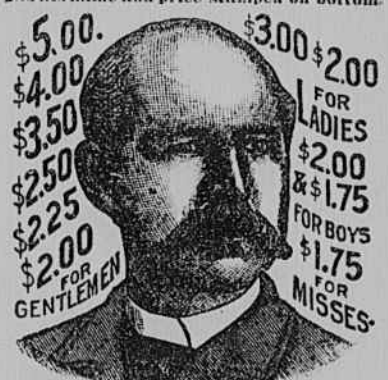
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